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A. Y. M.

HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.

Meets third Monday night in each month. JOHN P. TRACY, W. M. SAM E. HILL, Secy.

R. A. M.

KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110.

Meets second Monday night in each month. M. E. W. H. MOORE, H. P. Comp. H. WEINSTEIN, Secy.

I. O. O. F.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 158.

Meets in Taylor Hall, in Hartford, Ky., on the second and fourth Saturday evenings in each month. The fraternity are cordially invited to visit with us on convenient for them to do so. L. BARRETT, N. G. W. H. PHIPPS, Secy. B. P. BERRYMAN, D. D. G. M.

I. O. G. T.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 12.

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CLAUDE J. YAGER, W. Secy.

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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 2.

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Laws Relating to Newspaper Subscription and Arrangements.

In response to a request, we give the law as it stands relating to newspapers and subscribers:

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former location, they are held responsible.

5. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes no objection to its being sent to him, or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

6. If subscribers pay in advance, they are held to give notice to the publisher, at the end of their term, if they do not wish to continue; and if otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it on, and the subscriber will be responsible until express notice with payment of all arrears is sent to pay.

THE LOVE LETTER.

She took it in her trembling hands.

That poor girl's secret was told.

The wave of life on golden sands

Stood for a moment still.

She read the superscription o'er

And broke the seal with trembling hand.

The precious letter that it bore

She did not read but fled.

O, earth, so green with Summer now,

O, sky so blue with heaven's blue!

O, misty land on every bough!

Her thoughts are not of you.

The hum of friendly tones below,

The life of pleasant care,

That swayed her soul an hour ago,

Now rule no longer there.

She knows a love too pure and high

For simple words to speak;

Its glory glimmers in her eye,

And blushes on her cheek.

Its brighter warmth about her lies,

It feels each human need,

Envelops her life and glorifies

The simplest word or deed.

He has no promise to shirk,

No duty to tell;

The skill of honest love is sure

To work its purpose well.

THE SPY'S REWARD.

"My dear," said Miss Patty Pry,

"I'm morally certain that something is wrong."

Lit to Mrs. Wrinkfield looked up and

began to flutter all over like a frightened bird.

"Something wrong?" she repeated

"Oh Miss Patty, what can possibly be wrong?"

Mrs. Wrinkfield was a pretty little

blonde, with great, surprised looking

blue eyes, a deprecating expression

of face, and voice soft and sweet.

Miss Patty Pry was a tall, grenadier-

like female, with a suspicion of a bald,

high cheek bones, and elbows that

were holes through all dresses, so sharp

and uncompromising were they.

"My dear," said Miss Patty, lower-

ing her voice to a husky whisper, "it

looks suspicious. Wrinkfield is a

great deal too willing for you to go

home and spend the night with your

mother."

"He thought it would be a pleasant

little change for me, asserted Mrs.

Wrinkfield, eagerly.

"Exactly," snarled Miss Patty.

"And it'll be a pleasant little change

for him, too."

"I don't understand you," said Mrs.

Wrinkfield, with a bewildered look.

"Oh, you little goose," cried Miss

Patty. "He's going to give a bachelor

party. He means to invite his friends

and turn your house inside out. That's

his idea, you may depend on it. I

know for a positive certainty, that

Dellabee has received an order for a

hundred oysters, a dozen champagne,

and a tureen of lobster salad, for to-

night, my dear. I wondered who it

could possibly be for, and now I know.

And that, my dear, with fearful em-

phasis, "explains your husband's kind

willingness to let you go to your moth-

er for the night. Ah—h—! They're

"Don't do that, my dear," said Miss

Pry; "pack your bag and go with

the baby. Who knows when you may

again have an opportunity? And I'll

make it my business to watch Wrink-

field."

"But how?" questioned the per-

plexed young wife.

"Just give me the key of the back

stair doorway," said Miss Pry. "I'll

listen. I'll find out the secrets of the

whole tribe and generation of 'em! And

I'll tell you every single word I

hear."

"But—would that be honorable?"

hesitated Mrs. Wrinkfield.

"Honorable," dolefully repeated

Miss Pry. "My poor dear don't you

know that our women must avail our-

selves of every possible means of keep-

ing even with those tyrants, the men?"

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Wrink-

field, restlessly twining and intertwining

her fingers. "But I never could

have believed that Charles would

treat me so."

"They're all alike," said Miss Pry.

"and we single women are a great deal

the best off. I would not marry, not

if forty men wore to go down on their

knees to me at once. No, indeed! I

value my independence too much

for that!"

And Miss Patty tossed her head with

a sniff, half of triumph, half of dis-

dain.

Mrs. Wrinkfield gave her the key.

She knew she was a soft-hearted,

easily deluded little thing, and had a

great respect for Miss Patty Pry's dis-

crimination and judgment.

But her conscience pricked her a

little when Wrinkfield took her to the

station, and bought oranges for the

baby and little Minnie.

She would have confessed all if Miss

Patty had not been there to see her

off.

"I shall count every moment until

you come back, Mary," said Wrink-

field, with a farewell kiss.

"Ah—h—! the deceiver!" hissed

Miss Pry, on the side.

"Because you know," added the

unconscious Benedict, "it's so lonely

for a fellow to sit down to tea with

you and the minikins gone."

"And oysters and champagne," hyster-

ically giggled Miss Pry, so close to

Mrs. Wrinkfield's face that every word

seemed to tickle her ear-drums. "Oh,

yes, dreadfully lonely. Hal! hal! hal!"

And so Mrs. Wrinkfield set off on

her ten-mile journey.

Miss Pry hurried back, and letting

herself on the sly into the back stair-

case door, crept up into the dining-

room and esconced herself comfortably in

the china-closet.

"I shan't be disturbed. And I

shall have an opportunity to convince

Mary Wrinkfield that her husband is

a villain."

Which possibility gave Miss Patty

Pry a good deal of solid satisfaction,

considering what a devout Christian

she had always professed to be.

"I'm early," she said to herself, as

the clock in the adjoining room struck

4. "I shall have a long time to wait.

But it won't do to risk anything in this

world."

At 6 Mr. Wrinkfield came home to

his tea, and drank it alone; Miss Patty

had to recede into a most uncomfortable

angle to avoid being discovered by

Barbara, the deaf little maid, as she

tripped to and fro with the table fer-

niture.

"But it won't be for long," thought

Miss Patty Pry. "The guests will

soon begin to arrive."

Barbara put coal on the fire, hung

up the hearth brush and withdrew.

Mr. Wrinkfield lighted his cigar,

and began to smoke and read with his

side. Then he went up stairs, think-

ing the silver quite safe in the closet,

and little dreaming of the other val-

uable that was incarcerated there.

The next morning, just as Mr. Wrink-

field was taking in the morning paper,

little Barbara came to him.

"Oh, sir," said she, "I think there's

a burglar in the china-closet. Such a

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